The COMMONWEAL

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Pius XII's Radio Address

CONTRAST between the joyful, triumphant notes of Easter, the Ascension and Pentecost and the current sufferings and anxieties of the peoples of the world is foremost in the radio address of Pius XII on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopacy. "In the midst of such widespread calamity how could we hold those celebrations, even though strictly religious, that are proper to joyous and happy days. The infuriate tragedy of the events through which we are passing summons us not to joy but rather to penance and amendment, urges us on to self-examination and purification, warns us to reset the course and change the path of our thoughts, our aims and our conduct." There is also an element of passing sadness in the emphasis with which the Pope feels it necessary to insist upon "the certainty that Our Lord is never more watchful, never nearer to His Church than in those hours when His children, under the stress of fear and tempest, might be driven to cry out: 'Master, doth it not concern Thee that we perish; Lord, save us we perish.'" Pius XII also lays much stress on the historical parallel between totalitarian persecution with its attempts to discredit the Church and the Roman persecutions of early Christian times. The Pontiff continues: "A Christianity that has ever before its eyes the heroism of the first centuries can never fail to be true to the spirit of those words written by Peter while persecution raged, 'but if also you suffer anything for justice sake, blessed are ye.'"

The address was an eloquent appeal to all to achieve the more intimate union with the Holy Eucharist and the readiness for sacrifice characteristic of the Early Church—to make of the sufferings of our times means of bearing witness to the Faith and means of personal and corporate salvation. But it went on to the consideration of the peace that must be the real object of all our heroic efforts—what must be done to put an end to the conditions which the war imposes (as well as how to live as Christians under these conditions). The Pope dwelt on the havoc being undergone by the family and the home—"the worldwide family front" where tranquillity, concord and well-being are of such primary importance. For the sake of the family Pope Pius continued to plead for peace: Despite the lack of "any immediate possibility of peace, the destruction wrought by the war among the nations on the material and spiritual plane is all the time accumulating to such an extent that it calls for every effort to prevent its increase by bringing the conflict to a speedy end. . . . We make a warm, fatherly appeal to statesmen that they may not let any occasion pass that may open up to the nations the road to an honest peace of justice and moderation, to a peace arising from a free and fruitful agreement, even if it should not correspond at all points to their aspirations." Early Christian heroism in the face of total war and untiring efforts for a just and lasting peace are the touchstones of the Pope's recent message to the world.

Advance Toward Justice

ITEM. "The serious attention of Catholic employers of labor and of Catholic labor leaders must be called to the moral culpability of race prejudice and its baneful effects in the social and economic sphere. Moreover such leaders of industry and labor must themselves take the initiative to eradicate such evil effects . . . by personal example and personal influence. The Negro who is capable of going into industry must be absorbed into it just like any other capable worker. The basis of justice is simply the worth and capability of the individual."

This quotation expresses an admirable and evident truth. Were it taken simply from an editorial or from a speech, we should feel justified in printing it because in its appeal for justice it is singularly precise and direct. It happens that it is more than an appeal; it is a pledge. It is a pledge moreover signed by men who are in a position to see that it is fulfilled, by men who can pledge themselves not merely to urge action but to take action. The quotation comes from a document signed on May 15 by the National Catholic Committee on Negro Employment and formally presented to Harold A. Stevens, President of the Catholic Interracial Council.

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Here is no declaration drawn up by some well-meaning local committee in New York. The men who have here committed themselves to act in justice come from Massachusetts and from Alabama, from Michigan and from Louisiana, from Minnesota and Pennsylvania and Ohio. And here is no declaration made in the hope that someone, somewhere, sometime may read it. It is a statement of what the signers believe, what they intend to do—specifically and nominatively what such men as Patrick T. Fagan, President of the United Mine Workers of America, and P. A. O'Connell, President of E. T. Slattery and Co., Boston, and Charles A. Birmingham of New York, and Ray F. Wentz of the Minnesota Federation of Labor and all the other Catholic laymen on the list clearly believe and seriously promise. Catholic interracial justice steps forth from the realm of theory into that of action. Nor, with history in mind, does it do so for the first time.

Item. A new Assistant Professor of Religion has been appointed at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, one of the foremost institutions of its kind in the United States. This is the season in which all over the country professorial appointments are made for the coming scholastic year and such appointments, transfers and promotions are rarely noticed by an indifferent public. Concerning the Manhattanville appointment no special announcement was made. It was by chance that we learned that Father Basil Matthews, O.S.B., had been selected. It is perhaps partly—but only partly—because this distinguished priest is a friend of THE COMMONWEAL that we congratulate Manhattanville on obtaining the services of an instructor so highly qualified. Father Matthews studied at Saint Mary's College in Trinidad where he was born, entered the Benedictine Order at the age of seventeen, took his theology for three years at Louvain and was ordained to the priesthood in Trinidad in 1935. He obtained his degree of Master of Arts at Fordham where he is now preparing his doctorate in Political Science and Sociology. Apart from English and Latin he speaks French, Spanish, German and Chinese. His eloquence and erudition will be appreciated in his new post. His skin is black.

Executive Clemency

THE GIST of the White House statement concerning Earl Browder's release from prison lies in these words: "The sentence imposed upon him was longer than the usual sentence imposed for offenses involving the fraudulent obtaining and use of passports. The President believes that the principle of obedience to law has been sufficiently vindicated by the punishment already suffered by Browder and that the commutation of his sentence, which brings about his release at this time, just shortly before he will become eligible for parole, will have a tendency to promote national unity and allay any feeling which may exist in some minds that the unusually long sentence in Browder's case was by way of penalty imposed upon him because of his political views."

In forming an opinion on the President's action it is well to bear in mind these sentences. Certainly it is a tenable position that the penalty imposed on the communist leader was unduly severe, and even that this severity originally had political considerations at its base. If this is true, it would be unreasonable to ask that political considerations should not also come into play with regard to the commutation of Browder's sentence. And certainly we are bound to be grateful for the help Russia is giving us in her bitter and valiant struggle along the Eastern front. That an American communist should be released as a friendly gesture toward a brave military ally is equally admissible, and falls within the normal historic pattern of such cases.

What does alarm a citizen is to read that Browder's release "will have a tendency to promote national unity." It is surely an observable fact that at the present juncture least of all Americans are communists opposed to our war effort and in any way contributors to disunity. This situation (we too sadly know) can change utterly over night, but in the meantime the fact remains. What, then, did the President mean? Does he actually believe that by this gesture he can win the permanent loyalty of communists to himself and to our nation? It is incredible to suppose him so naïve. One fears rather that his phrase came spontaneously, and perhaps betrays a leaning in his mind toward that very unitary—one party—concept of political organization for the US which we so strongly condemn in our enemies. Certainly there can be no question of this being a deliberate policy; too often has Mr. Roosevelt explicitly castigated it. But even the staunchest democrat in these days has need to watch the fences of his intellect lest the pressure of the times undermine them without his knowledge.

Communism is not to be combatted in our sort of society—or in any sort we can approve—by means of jail sentences or executive clemency. It is to be combatted only by work, argument and example. And that does not mean that national unity requires active collaboration in our own country with persons holding a philosophy we abhor. It is to be noted that the Russians themselves, to use the phrase of our own officials, have been "absolutely correct" throughout the entire incident, never formally requesting Browder's release. The President's unnecessary and added plea of "national unity" for his action seems strangely inept, even alarming, coming from so skillful a master of politics.

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Women and the War Effort

THE capacity for corporate enthusiasm is one of the strong points of our people. They can drive together, multifold millions in high gear, for any goal that gives them a chance to *act* their ideals concretely. No one who loves America, watching the war effort take shape and momentum, but must feel pride at the generous elan, the widening sweep of coordinated activity, the awesome reservoir of untapped group power of its citizenry; but must feel gratitude for all that this portends in the actual conduct of the war. But if this gigantic release of energies carries with it—like all vital and immense things—its own kind of disproportion and danger, it is the business of the honest commentator to say so. We broached the larger aspect of this last week in our editorial comment on "total mobilization." Here we touch very briefly on the specific matter of women in the war effort. First clearing away possible misapprehension by saying that any mobilization of our forces or direction of our energies really needed for victory should be made without hesitation, we come to the immediate point, which is the perilous lack of stress today upon the home and upon woman's function therein. Women are not as yet, we are glad to say, being labeled and ticketed as mere units of national asset; the official attitude has been rightly cautious, and there has been a proper waiting upon developments in all fields of labor. But as more and more women are inevitably taken on in field and factory, the impulse toward enrolling our total womanhood as "potential" war strength will become increasingly powerful. Then the effect of not thinking positively in terms of the home may unfortunately begin to show; the home, already imperiled by economic blows, may lose its last vitality as the tide of misdirected enthusiasm sweeps out of it the last vestiges of its essential character. For this is first of all a matter of thinking, of principles. If the home is honored for what it can and must do in the way of fostering the growth of the personality and balancing true social health, there is no irreparable injury done when a particular wife and mother must work in a munitions plant. But if the home is tolerated only, or thought of impatiently as that which keeps the wife and mother from war work, the amount of war work which she might do no longer signifies, for the soul of our society will already be lost.

The Line Wobbles

BEFORE the Post Office Department and the Attorney General decided to act against *Social Justice* as well as a number of other papers of similar policy, we objected, not to these papers' disappearance, but to their arbitrary suppression. One of our grounds was that it is difficult if not impossible to draw a line between what expression of opinion is to be curbed and what is not. It is a natural tendency for men in office in a time of crisis to persuade themselves that every citizen who disagrees with them is subject to discipline and is very likely a traitor. Certain individuals connected with the present Administration have not been free of this attitude, and it is one which every American should jealously watch. Already an indication has been given that the line will not be drawn at such obviously ranting and dubiously loyal papers as *Social Justice*. On May 8 the Post Office informed Mr. John G. Scott of New York that his publication, *Money,* was not mailable. Careful examination of this small bulletin reveals no adequate reason for the Post Office's action. *Money* is a violently social credit journal which occasionally drives home its points at the expense of the powers that be, but certainly with no intention perceptible to a normal reader of giving any aid and comfort whatever to our enemies. Already there has been a public outcry against some of the large isolationist newspapers and their owners, and one can only hope that the banning of an issue of *Money* does not betoken a wave of suppressions similar to that which disfigured our conduct of the last war.

The *Progressive* of Madison, Wisconsin, recently quoted an editorial from the London *Times,* published in connection with the controversy over the British Government's attitude toward the London *Daily Mirror.* What the "Thunderer" has to say is so pertinent that it deserves to be reproduced in full.

> The purpose of a censorship is to prevent information from reaching the enemy, not to silence critics at home. Its purpose should not be to maintain morale—not because morale should not, but because it cannot, be maintained by suppression. The lesson of France on that point is final. If morale is bad, mere censorship will make it worse, will destroy it.
>
> The morale of this nation is good, and could only be threatened if it were not free to speak its mind. . . . Without the constructive force of criticism it is unlikely that this country would have survived the disasters of the past two years, or be in any position to confront the urgent perils ahead.

THE Editors regret that "In the Groove," THE COMMONWEAL'S *column of criticism of records, will have to be suspended for the duration. The record industry has been forced greatly to reduce its output and the manufacturers no longer feel able to supply "review copies" of their wares to critics, among them our able Carl J. Balliett, Jr.*

Writing "Bernadette"

By FRANZ WERFEL

WHENEVER conversation turns to my "Song of Bernadette" I am always confronted by the same questions. The most frequently recurring

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one, which I have been asked again and again, runs about as follows:

"How does a thoroughly modern author—a psychologist and a realist—happen to write a long narrative of almost six hundred pages about a minor saint from the Pyrenees, and how does he happen to depict that strange series of visions, marvels, miraculous cures, sufferings and struggles which, only a short time ago, excited the world and laid the foundation of the fame of the little city of Lourdes?"

The answer to this question is found in the preface of the novel, which expressly states: "My book is a pledge fulfilled."

In July of the year 1940 I stood in front of the Grotto of Lourdes. In that moment of great anguish I solemnly promised that I would lay aside all other work to sing the song of Bernadette if I succeeded in escaping the surrounding perils and in reaching the sanctuary of American shores. Only he who actually experienced those days of the collapse of France can imagine the state of the souls of the vanquished. The most glorious army of Europe, whose invincibility had never been questioned by the most objective observers, had been shattered within a few days like a defenseless horde. Crowded together in the southwest corner of France the confused throng of fugitive peoples, Poles, Czechs, Dutch, Belgians, French—soldiers and civilians, men, women and children—moved about in aimless circles without food and shelter in heavily laden, sometimes bullet-riddled cars. The frontiers were relentlessly closed; the consuls pitilessly bureaucratic! And in all the crowds lurked the spying faces of the Gestapo, calmly spotting their victims.

National socialism is a "phenomenon of inferiority." It seeks so-called world dominion, not in order to reorganize the world according to its own principles, but in order to avenge itself upon the world. It never forgets an enemy until he has been slain. I had the honor of being one of its first enemies. As early as 1922 a stage play of mine (entitled "Schweiger") appeared in the theaters of Berlin and other German cities several hundred times, a drama which depicted the nazi type in the naked frightfulness of its consistency. The good people of that time did not understand me—but the nazis did understand. Had my day of reckoning come? Those in the know claimed to have seen my name on the extradition lists. Was there a power on earth to help me?

In my anguish I turned for refuge to that maternal power of the universe which had so beneficently manifested itself in the poor life of little Bernadette Soubirous. And indeed help came to me.

This is the subjective, the external reason for the creation of my book. Much more important however appears to me another question which I am sometimes asked: "What meaning do you feel the story of Bernadette has for readers today?"

Indulgent friends of my book have assured me repeatedly that it is as thrilling as an adventure story. They tell me that they devoured the novel without laying it aside, although its subject—the encounters of a young girl with a mysterious lady—seemed to them at first a trifle bewildering. No matter how pleasant these statements may sound to the ears of an author, they could easily arouse the suspicion that my book carries no "meaning," no "message," and that I had only transformed an interesting, unusual episode into an "escapist entertainment."

This suspicion I must reject most emphatically. None of my books, not even "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," is so full of "meaning" as "The Song of Bernadette." I am firmly convinced that I have written a book appropriate to these times although its action concludes with the year 1933. And I have written this document of current portent with complete consciousness of purpose—a polemic of this war.

No one understands this war who still believes that it is a war of nations, a war for living space, a war for the victory of certain economic or social forms. No! Not a material but a spiritual principle is at stake in this, the only genuine world war. Today the fronts are still confused and the further developments are not to be foreseen. On the one side stands radical nihilism which no longer regards the human being as the image of God but as an amoral machine in a completely meaningless world. On the other side, on our side, stands the metaphysical, the religious concept of life, the conviction that this Cosmos was created by the spirit and that a spiritual meaning lives and breathes in every atom. It is indeed a war between the principles of spiritual life and spiritual death.

"The Song of Bernadette" is a jubilant hymn to the spiritual meaning of the universe. Through the medium of this simple and charming personality, we see how, even in our age of skepticism, divine powers are at work and how they raise an ignorant creature, favored by grace, beyond her own natural limits. Although the story takes place in a Catholic milieu it is not only bound to the Catholic form of life but concerns equally all men—Protestants and Jews—all men whose hearts intuitively recognize the divine powers which in rare moments gloriously transfigure our daily realities.

I don't know whether I have succeeded in writing a good book. But this I do know: through the merit and mediation of my heroine Bernadette Soubirous the reader will receive a gift of solace and spiritual exaltation that does not lie in other novels, however much better they may be than my own.

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Hitler in Africa

The progress of nazi plans for one more continent.

By Heinz Soffner

EVEN before the British Commandos descended on Madagascar and the State Department solemnly proclaimed this country's vital stake in that strategic stronghold east of Africa, recent items in the newspapers had pointed to our growing concern with Africa's rôle in this war.

A US air ferry service has been rushing planes, essential materials and men to all corners of that continent. A US supply base has been put up in Eritrea, former Italian East Africa. A US economic mission has been sent to the South African Union. A US Consul General has been appointed to Brazzaville, capital of French Equatorial Africa and headquarters of De Gaulle's Free French forces. And only on April 21, Representative Hinshaw of California had urged in the House that the United Nations seize Madagascar.

The immediate motive for that momentous step was the danger of Japanese invasion, imminent after Japan's intrusion into the Indian Ocean and her occupation of the Andaman Islands. The basic threat to Africa, however, is Hitler. Hitler's blitzkrieg alone made possible Japan's large-scale aggression, while Japan's move into the Indian Ocean and her aspirations toward Madagascar—and even more Allied counter-action—may quite possibly hasten nazi action on the "dark continent."

Hitler's interest in Africa is threefold: he wants to establish a German colonial empire, far beyond the limits of the pre-1914 German colonies. Nazi strategy considers Africa as a springboard for future aggressions: *via* West Africa (Dakar) against the Western Hemisphere and *via* East Africa (Suez, Madagascar) against the Middle East, India and Australia. Africa's complex internal situation provides a propitious ground for the nazi methods of propaganda and disintegration, political warfare and fifth columns.

Africa, naturally perhaps the richest continent on earth, is still far from adequately developed. Only 3 percent of the world's primary production and 7 percent of the world's trade in 1938 came from Africa. Only 2,680,000 whites live in an area three times larger than Europe and overwhelmingly under white sovereignty. But it possesses almost all principal minerals in huge quantities: diamonds, gold, copper, iron, tin, phosphates, manganese, vanadium, and so forth. Its fertile soil will grow almost everything, with little effort. Africa's huge rivers, descending from towering mountains, could produce 3½ times more electrical energy than all North America.

Politically and racially, too, Africa offers promising openings for a totalitarian invader. Its only sovereign nation, the South African Union, is sharply divided into people of British and of Boer descent and "natives." Relations between whites and natives are more or less problematic, but in a different way in each part of the continent. "Natives" include the most complex medley of races, Arabs, Negroes, Somalis, Indonesians, Bushmen, etc., and range from primitive hunters and nomads to scholars, priests, doctors and teachers. The conflict between Vichy and De Gaulle divides native loyalties in France's vast African empire. Indian immigration in East and South Africa has added some of India's controversies to this abundance of native issues.

Preparation

Small wonder that the nazis for years persistently prepared the conquest of Africa. The third plank of their party program of 1920 claimed already: "We want land and soil—colonies—to feed our people and to settle our surplus population." However, when Hitler, after his hapless *putsch* of 1923, began to lay down his plans in "Mein Kampf," he strongly condemned colonial dreams and severely criticized the African and Far Eastern adventures of the Kaiser. His territorial claims concentrated upon "uniting all Germans in a Greater Germany" and acquiring additional "living space" in Eastern Europe, particularly in Russia.

Whether Hitler wrote this to deceive England or to focus the efforts of his followers upon the first things to do or simply because he had at that time not made up his mind on world politics—in any case, the actual, unbounded "dynamism" of the nazi movement surpassed soon this and every other limitation.

Goering, whose father had been the first High Commissioner of the Reich for its South-West African colony, opened the nazi colonial campaign formally on October 29, 1932 (a few months before Hitler became chancellor), inaugurating a

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nazi colonial exhibition at Frankfurt am Main: "Our goal is a new Germany," he shouted, "and our colonies will become one of its vital parts!"

Hitler himself, immediately after he came into power, proclaimed emphatically Germany's "inalienable" rights to colonies. Since then, the colonial claim has been a standard device in the foreign policy of the Third Reich. In 1934 Hitler appointed Franz Ritter von Epp as Director of the Colonial Office of the Nazi Party, as a member of the Party cabinet (*Reichsleitung*) and as National Commander of the Reich Colonial League. Epp was a retired army general who had been Hitler's "angel" in the early twenties and became after 1933 Reich Governor in Bavaria. He had previously participated in all German colonial wars. He had fought against the Boxer uprising in China, 1900-01, and had helped to crush the rebellion of the Hereros in German South-West Africa, 1904-05. Since 1925, he had been chairman of the association of veterans of German colonial wars. Since 1930, he had directed a nation-wide federation of all German pro-colonial groups.

Starting from such an appropriate background, Epp took over the colonial department of Germany's foreign office, thus enlisting the cooperation of Germany's diplomatic and consular representatives in Africa. A second division of his office was concerned with economics, using the services of the many German business firms, steamship companies, airlines, export and import houses, trading with the former German colonies and other colonial territories.

The Reich Colonial League spread colonial propaganda throughout Germany. Exhibitions were given, Colonial weeks, mass meetings and "enlightening" lectures were held, the traditions of the former colonies carefully promoted (for instance: streets, labor camps and ships were named after them), plenty of printed matter distributed. In 1938, the Colonial League had one million members in more than 6,000 chapters and had held some 12,000 lectures and meetings.

Particular attention was paid to the young generation. Several colonial schools were established and the existing schools of pre-1914 origin (Colonial University at Witzenhausen, Colonial Women's College at Rendsburg) expanded and thoroughly nazified. In every unit of the Hitler Youth, a special "colonial warden" was charged with spreading "enlightenment" about Hitler's colonial claims.

Undermining of the territories to be conquered was not neglected either. This was primarily the task of the Foreign Division (*Auslandsorganisation*) of the Nazi Party whose chief, Gauleiter Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, born in Bradford (England), had been educated in Cape Town (South Africa) and knew the scene from experience.

Nazi cells were set up in South-West Africa and in Tanganyika, in Cameroon and in Togo, but outside the former German territories as well. People of German descent in Africa, particularly young people, were invited to free vacations in Germany, where they learned in intensive training courses how to spread the Führer's gospel and how to have rifles, machine-guns and bombs ready for *Der Tag*. German ships, each with a nazi "cell" aboard, and the airplanes of the German Lufthansa smuggled subversive propaganda material and weapons into Africa.

Exploitation

How Hitler wants to exploit Africa was bluntly stated by the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* of February 6, 1941: "The natives are Africa's most important raw material." And Hitler's personal newspaper, the *Völkische Beobachter,* haughtily declared: "Just how Africa will be divided among the European countries and what rôle it will play in politics, will be decided not in Africa but in Europe—Africa will forever be colonial territory." It is also known that the nazis plan to dump "undesirable" European races, especially Jews and Slavs, on Africa.

On the other side, the nazis are trying to use even the Negroes as pawns in their desperate game. For the abortive "Hitler's birthday putsch" on April 20, 1939, in South-West Africa, nazi agents had actually attempted to build up a Negro fifth column. Further evidence is the treatment of Negro prisoners in German war prison camps, where they are to be impressed by France's weakness and Germany's strength.

Since the fall of France, nazi preparations for the conquest of Africa have been greatly intensified. A boom in colonial shares on the Berlin stock exchange marked Germany's economic interest: about 40 colonial companies, most of which had not paid dividends for many years, suddenly reawakened. Shares of the German East African Company, for instance, rose from 76 in December, 1939, to 152 in August and to 164 in September, 1940.

The war time educational program of the German Labor Front includes hundreds of classes on native African languages and courses for salesmanship under colonial conditions. And in order to provide these would-be salesmen with merchandise, large-scale mass production of cheap commodities suitable for barter trade in colonial territories, like clothes, watches, furniture, garden and agricultural tools, is a vital part in the postwar plans of Hitler's economic wizards.

Training of future colonial administrators, managers and experts is pushed in spite of the war. According to the *Völkische Beobachter* of October 30, 1941, a Colonial Training Center at Homburg (Saar) has been opened as the first in

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a series of such regional centers to be established all over the Reich. The agencies working under General Von Epp are prepared to be elevated to the rank of a Reich Colonial Ministry at a moment's notice.

In Marshal Erwin Rommel's army in Libya, Hitler created his first military bridgehead on the African continent. Although the immediate task of this army had less to do with the African continent than with mastery of the Mediterranean and a possible pincer movement toward Suez and the Middle East, it also threatens both Egypt and the access to East Africa and to the Vichy French possessions in Northern and Western Africa. Above all, this army has undergone strenuous training in tropical desert warfare and is a valuable nucleus for future colonial campaigns.

Less conspicuous but hardly less important are nazi penetrations into Vichy French, Spanish and Portuguese territories. Dr. Guido Schmidt, who in 1938—a camouflaged nazi in the last Austrian cabinet—had persuaded Chancellor Schuschnigg to visit Hitler in Berchtesgaden, established the headquarters of Germany's secret services in Tetuan, Spanish Morocco.

In near-by Melilla, a joint German-Spanish-French permanent general staff has been set up. Portugal refused to participate, but could apparently not prevent the Gestapo from establishing an "advanced post" at Lourenco Marquez, Portuguese East Africa. Operating from there, the Gestapo directed the recent sabotage wave in the South African Union, where power lines were dynamited, bombs thrown, etc., so that the Union government had to arrest more than 300 unreliable policemen and to impose the death penalty for sabotage.

On December 15, 1941, the important Bou Afra-Kenadsa section on the Trans-Sahara Railroad—which is to connect finally the ports on the southern shore of the Mediterranean with Dakar—was opened. The mere fact that a nazi ace reporter on the spot, Max Clauss, in a dispatch to the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of February 25, 1942, belittles that work and asserts it would take eight years to complete it, should make us suspicious. In any case, the section now opened ties important coal fields in the Atlas Mountains—yearly output up to a million tons—to the Vichy French North African naval bases and makes them independent from coal importations.

Much has already been written about Dakar, its inherent threat to the Western Hemisphere and nazi activities there. The visit of General Wilhelm Faupel, previously Hitler's ambassador to Franco and now director of the nazi Latin-America Office in Berlin, to Spanish Morocco and to Dakar, last January, suggests that Hitler's high command, in spite of its preoccupations elsewhere, still pursues its plans on Latin America.

Preventive Measures

Britain and her Allies have become more and more aware of the nazi threat to Africa. In the South African Union—whose parliament declared war with a majority of a bare 13 voices—the very extremism of nazi propaganda, their bomb throwing, their violent anti-British and anti-Jewish boycott campaign, deterred many sincere "isolationists." General Hertzog retired from the Nationalist Afrikaner (that is, Boer) Party, led by Dr. Malan, South African Führer. A bill to revoke the dual citizenship of German and pro-nazi inhabitants in the former German colonies is pending before the Union parliament.

The native populations of the former German territories, especially the Hereros, remember only too well the hardships of German rule (which in itself, of course, is not sufficient to make them reliable allies). The South African Union, though still barring colored people from army ranks, is nevertheless lowering the color bar. The city of Johannesburg, for instance, is training 4,000 natives for civilian defense. In the services of other British colonies, too, previously "reserved" positions have been opened to natives. Back in 1940, the British Parliament passed the Colonial Development and Welfare Act which provides 20 million dollars annually for expanding social services and supporting agricultural and industrial projects in the crown colonies and 2 additional millions for research work.

The Free French territories and Belgian Congo, on the other side, actively participating in the Allied war effort, but separated from their nazi-ruled homelands, are now relying much more than ever before upon local resources and upon the native populations. Everywhere in Africa, interrupted traffic with Europe has strongly promoted domestic industries and increased autonomy in every field—if not by law, then certainly by facts.

It becomes clear even from this brief glance at Africa's present-day issues that we have to integrate the "dark continent" into our outlook on this world-wide, total war. This is not just another struggle about who shall exploit Africa's manpower and the riches of its soil. The issue is whether Africa shall become the virtually inexhaustible hinterland for Axis world rule or whether it shall get a fair chance in a democratic, peaceful world order. Our bitter experience in East Asia has already proved that this total war, especially its campaigns in colonial countries, cannot be won without active, determined participation of the colonial peoples. We—that is, all the United Nations—must therefore pledge ourselves to apply the general principles of the Atlantic Charter in a specific way to Africa. Only then can we reasonably expect to see the teeming continent turn into an advanced base against both Western and Eastern Axis imperialism.

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How years roll by in the life of a modern missioner.

By **Robert W. Gardner**

THIS IS the story of a priest, Father Patrick Henry Cleary who, as soon as he was ordained, went to the Orient as a missioner. He has baptized hundreds of people, built chapels and schools and, from the time he spoke his first hesitant Korean phrases until the day that war drew a curtain over his existence, had walked the gamut of mission adventures. He has dodged the bullets of marauders, joked with bandits from the hills, sung (in his fine tenor voice) American and native songs to the children, carried the sacraments to the aged and dying and trekked through hazardous, snow clogged mountain trails and over spring ice floes. Although his adventures would fit the lives of a thousand priests, this is not a legend; it is current history. The story begins in 1923 and is not yet ended.

At his home parish in Ithaca, New York, Father Patrick sang his first Mass the Sunday following his ordination in June of 1923. On September first of the same year, one of the worst earthquakes in the history of the world shattered the southern end of the Island of Japan. The tidal waves and fires which followed burned and inundated the ruins, and upwards of one hundred thousand people were killed. Ten days later, Father Cleary sailed for Japanese Yokohama.

At the dock a letter was handed to him—a greeting from his superior in Korea. "I am enclosing a view of your new home," the letter read. "It has all the modern improvements, except those of the last few centuries. Bring plenty of warm clothing because this mission is on the Yalu, close to the Manchurian border. However, with plenty to eat and wear and a good supply of coal there is nothing dismal in the prospect. . . ." The small snapshot showed a dingy, low-roofed shed; the eaves frowning over a dark doorway were not even as high as the Superior, Father Byrne, who posed in front of the establishment. Father Cleary smiled as he put the picture in his pocket and thought to himself, "It's lucky that Mom didn't see this!"

Winter

Winter was hitting its first stride and the sky was lowering in the chill when Father Cleary finished his long trip through Japan and Korea, and came at last to his mission town of Gishu. Father Byrne was there to meet him. They walked through the muddy streets of the village and watched the dignified Koreans in padded clothes and black shining toppers and saw youthful chestnut vendors chanting their pleasant song.

Conversion, as everyone know, is the primary work of the missioner, and had anyone tried to convince Father Cleary that at least during his first year abroad he would be too busy for such labor, he would have been quite properly shocked. But the fact remains, he soon became too busy, too very busy even to consider the subject of convert-making. He was back at the drudgery of learning. There are few things more tiresome than the initial stages of a new language. The Korean language is heartbreaking. It is like nothing else. There is no alphabet and it has no common denominator with other languages. Months of memory and practice must go by before the strange characters and the stranger phonetics become even remotely familiar. It also troubled him that he did not know how to preach a Korean sermon or thread a drain pipe, or talk with a merchant, or pull a tooth. The cold seeped through the cracks of the rectory and bit into his fingers.

There is no doubt but that the first year of a missioner is providentially appointed to help him retain his sanity in later years. His sanctity reaches greater depths because the virtue of humility is violently and mercilessly infused into his soul. The first year was Father Cleary's severest year of training. His helplessness was so profound that in comparison the least trivial accomplishment took on the aspect of a triumph.

It is a tribute to Oriental politeness that for several years the tyro thought his first sermon was a huge success. The subject matter, of course, was excellent. It was the result of intense application. But as a famous poet said of one of his own verses, only God and he knew what it meant.

But there was little time for uninterrupted study. Father Cleary had work to do! A school was needed in Gishu and his orders were to build it. This was a problem to face. His Superior was wise enough to give a brief order and let the young priest go at it "on his own." Father Cleary was stubborn enough to do it.

Twenty-five hundred dollars was the best estimate to be had on the building costs, but the young

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missioner had nothing except the dollar-a-day allotment which was sent to him from headquarters in America to defray his food, clothing and travel expenses. An appeal to his Superior at Gishu brought a silent chuckle. Father Byrne's pocketbook had been suffering from malnutrition for lo these many years. Next in line of authority was the Superior General, Father James Anthony Walsh at Maryknoll in New York. This was nothing more than a happy thought because although the latter authority was high, it was virtually without funds. With a seminary to run, men on the missions to feed and clothe, promotion work to do in the States, there was no hope in that direction. Better to have saved the stamp.

Non-Christian Koreans began to watch Father Cleary. Nothing about his life went unnoticed. First they peeked timidly into the church and then group by group began to question him. His speech was faulty but his stumbling phrases carried conviction. His work of conversion was begun and despite his other activities it never faltered. When he saw the large number of children in the streets, the school became more than an order to build. Money from his friends at home, priests and laity, slowly absorbed the bills. Between plumbing and prayers, the school gradually took form. Father Cleary's Korean tongue followed apace.

About that time Father Byrne wrote to the Superior General in America: "Father Cleary's school is now complete and well occupied. Now Father is just performing the first operation of the Maryknoll-in-Korea Hospital. He is operating on the Chinese carpenter and if the victim sends us a big bill for his own work on our building, we'll send him a bigger one for Doctor Cleary's surgery."

Perhaps there is a touch of Alexander the Great in every missionary because in the midst of his work he is scanning the seas for new lands and new people to conquer. Thousands of square miles reached out to the northward; from Gishu to the Siberian border Father Patrick's parishioners were scattered throughout the country and he was ready to search them out. He knew now how to dress against the dangerous cold of a Korean winter; he could meet the people and talk with them easily with dignified obedience to their customs. Equally important, his taste for food had "gone native." A hearty breakfast of kimchee (pickled cabbage) and rice would keep his energy in high gear until sundown.

Father Cleary began a long series of journeys into the hinterland. River boat pilots and drivers of outmoded busses began to know him. For the most part, however, he traveled afoot, through valleys and roadless mountains. He said Mass in the homes of Christians on all kinds of improvised altars. The Christians in villages were brought together, Christian doctrine classes were established for the natives, and catechists remained to teach, after the classes were in good running order. Then Father Cleary would start out for another village to repeat the process.

Language school

Once he was asked to take charge of the language school at the city of Saiho where he remained for something over a year. On another occasion he visited almost every missioner in Korea and discussed mission methods during which there was an exchange of much valuable information. But the pull of the back country was strong and he soon took to the trail again. In 1934, the former Ithacan settled in Chu Ko Chin, Korea's northernmost mission.

When Father Cleary arrived in Chu Ko Chin the town comprised some three hundred houses and a small market place. There was no industry; the residents lived solely from the land. Small farms and timber supplied the needs of the families. In the winter, the farmers cut timber and tied the logs into large rafts. When the ice melted the natives boarded the rafts and let the current carry them down to the market, about three hundred miles south, at Antung or Shingishu.

A group of twenty Christians comprised his first parish and the first church was a small wooden store in the center of the market place. In the rear were two living rooms which became the rectory and part-time school. The pastor's combination bedroom, living room and dining room contained a small cot, a writing table and a few gap-toothed shelves of books. What few clothes he had were hung from convenient nails on the wall, and in one corner stood tiers of cabinets and boxes which held things that were not for public inspection.

Henry Ford is reputed to have a sign over his desk which reads, "The wood you chop yourself warms you twice." Father Cleary's hands embraced the handle of an axe as easily as they held the chalice, and there was a builder's gleam in his eye. A bare piece of land must be put to work and a building was unfinished as long as a single rough edge remained. The face of Chu Ko Chin's little chapel soon changed its complexion beneath the priest's paint pot and tools. But there must be a purpose in building; no shipwright (save Grandfather Noah, of course) should build a craft where there is no water, and when the little classroom and medical dispensary came into being, the missioner brought the people in to fill them.

The doctrine classes were well attended and the sick and injured came almost every day to be treated and advised. Western medicine is still new in some parts of the Orient. The old medicine is a combination of sorcery and herbs and it is easy to believe that many of the pagans approached Father Cleary as they would approach a novel sort

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of witch doctor known to concoct a magic brew. However, he was never lacking patients, and never lost an opportunity to explain to a non-Christian something of the doctrine of the Catholic Church. His dispensary became a pulpit of the more intimate type.

But a mission is not built upon schools and dispensaries alone; often its success depends largely upon the number of catechists: well educated and well instructed old Christians who teach the doctrine of the Church to beginners. They are sometimes called the *field men* because they go to the remoter villages where the priest has established a doctrine class and, when the priest leaves, they continue the instructions until the convert is ready for baptism. At stated intervals the priest visits the outlying district, holds examinations and administers sacraments. Thus the work of the missioner is multiplied and the way is paved for a new parish.

But the work of a catechist takes all his time. Usually he is a married man and has the obligations of a family. Consequently, his wages must be compatible with his position in life. Catechists are paid fifteen dollars a month in American money.

Through all his years in the Orient, Father Cleary never lost touch with his friends at home. They heard about his medical dispensaries and old folks' homes. He was not an effusive correspondent and letter-writing was a difficult chore, but the ties with the homeland were strong. To his friends who had heard him sing his first Mass he was still "Young Pat Cleary from Ithaca," and although the years and the wind and the cold had deepened the furrows on his face, he was remembered as the young priest who, years before, had gone to the "furrin missions." Often they slipped a bill from their own pay envelopes and sent it to Father Pat for his "pay-roll."

The parish of Chu Ko Chin was in excellent running order; the school was well filled, the dispensary stocked with medicine and the larder held food. In the tool-shed the hammers and saw and shovels were rusting from idleness. Father Cleary looked at his hands—they were getting white, and the callouses of honest labor were fading away. His pilgrim sandals beckoned invitingly and seemed to tell him that it was time to hit the trail again. Chu Ko Chin could be handed over to a younger missioner now, and there was a section on the Taidong River, about three hundred miles away. It needed a priest.

The Superior General in New York read Father Cleary's letter and his thoughts flew across the Pacific. He knew how the missioner felt; he had been there himself and his own feet longed for the familiar winding trail as he wrote and assigned Father Cleary to Kirim Ni, about fifty miles inland from the west coast on the Taidong River.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ALMOST every day, somewhere in the country, one or more publications, from large and sometimes long-established daily newspapers to small specialized magazines and bulletins, pass from the scene, victims of the conditions produced by the war. In all probability, as all publishers and editors and the many other classes affiliated with their work such as printers and paper-makers and news-dealers are anxiously aware, hundreds and perhaps thousands of publications must perish. The number will vary according to the length of the war.

It may well be, however, that quite irrespective of the time that may be needed for the waging of the war—whether much or little—our press in any case is destined for drastic and possibly quite fundamental changes and reorganization. Even should the United Nations win a complete and comparatively quick victory, it is far from probable that economic and other factors will be such in the immediate future as to permit the further functioning of our press on the basis of competitive, or even of quasi-monopolistic, capitalism, such as now prevails in the larger fields of journalism in our country, or in Great Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand and in the majority of the Latin American countries. For the prospects for advertising revenue in anything like the prodigious amount characteristic of our journalism until only yesterday seem very dubious, to say the least. And without rich and constant streams of advertising revenue, it will be quite impossible for the great newspapers to maintain the elaborate news-gathering and other services—especially the syndicated "features," cartoons, comics, "columns," etc.—which they have built up so lavishly.

I recall a comment made by a writer in our English contemporary, the *Catholic Herald,* recently, concerning the lively discussion then going on in journalistic and other circles over the *Daily Mirror* case. The governmental authority having charge of the ultimate censorship powers, the Home Secretary's office, had sharply warned the *Daily Mirror,* a highly sensational tabloid paper, that persistence in its criticism of the government along the lines used in a number of instances would bring it under such suspicion of being seditious that drastic steps would be taken against it. Although many other papers and organizations devoted to civil liberty did not approve of the *Daily Mirror,* yet most of these defended the tabloid, or rather opposed the use of governmental power against it, very much as many papers and groups in this country defended *Social Justice* against the Attorney General even while not at all in favor of the editorial policies followed by that happily defunct periodical. In other words, such papers were championing the "free press" as an institution, not the *Daily Mirror* as a shining example of its virtues.

But the *Catholic Herald* took the ground that the whole debate seemed off the real point, for the simple reason that England, in its opinion, did not enjoy a really free press

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because far too large a proportion of the daily and weekly papers of vast circulation and, presumably, wielding the greatest measure of influence was "monopolized by a handful of concerns controlling mammoth circulations in the closest link with business interests." Under such circumstances, "there is no more freedom in being virtually dictated to by a few technically irresponsible press lords or companies, even if they are in competition with one another, than in being dictated to by technically responsible government—perhaps less."

In the United States today, even as in Great Britain, a very large portion of our press is controlled by a very small number of wealthy and irresponsible press lords, who exercise an arbitrary power which when it is concentrated upon any one policy can be most potent in its effect in directing, or mis-directing, public opinion. And now such commercial control of our press is seriously threatened with overthrow by the rapid drying up of the advertising revenue without which even their personal or corporate capital could not long stand the strain of producing their great chains of papers. Perhaps papers like the New York *PM,* lately creating such worries among other New York papers by its policies, being independent of advertising, or the *Christian Science Monitor,* subsidized by the religious group behind it, or the *Daily Worker,* presumably also at least indirectly subsidized by its political backers—or, may I add, THE COMMONWEAL, with its repeated boosts along its difficult road by its devoted readers?—may be creating the lines for the journalism of the future. At any rate, may I again urge our own readers to give this paper, and their own interests, cultural, patriotic and religious, the opportunity to share in the reorganization of our national journalism by keeping THE COMMONWEAL alive during this period of storm and stress?

Communications

THE NAZIS AND THE GERMANS

Yakima, Washington.

TO the Editors: In my humble opinion the recent letter which I provoked through a book review on "Thus Speaks Germany" is bashing in open doors. I said the compilers used hand-picked examples and definitely pointed out that other nations had culprits of the same brand. I don't think that the book in question wants to prove that there is no essential difference between nazis and non-nazis because both groups are Germans. What it tries—and, in a way, manages to fail—to show is that the ones who have, and use, power in Germany are the nazis; that these nazis did not come like a meteor from a distant world, but grew on very fertile soil; that they have a long line of ancestors and that with increasing virulence, and in an ever growing frequency, this evil side of the German has got the best of the country and its inhabitants. If the other, the mild and civilized exponents of "Germanity" who were a minority—certainly not smaller than the ruthless one which engendered Bismarck, Ludendorff and Hitler—were never able to get finally established, they cannot blame their failure entirely on the Hitlers or on that enormous majority of acquiescent joiners who believe in nothing but success and are opportunists by theory or practice; but they are to be blamed themselves to a certain degree. Very few ever really fought for their ideals, like other minorities who fought: e.g., in the American Revolution, or who now fight in Holland, Norway, Yugoslavia, France and Poland. The writer of the letter will have to explain a few things before he can accuse the compilers unconditionally of inciting hatred and nothing but hatred. Hubertus Loewenstein, who as a newcomer had no time to be closely connected in any leading or contributory form with Catholic institutions before 1933, probably never saw the despair of truly democratic young Christians in the face of their opportunistic elders who as they condoned the rape of Belgium in 1914 now condone the dozenfold rape of other countries together with the institutions of their own country without an outcry in the name of right and justice.

The writer tries to prove too much. To see this weakness of the German national character and to turn against the streak of moral insanity, Machiavellianism and perversion of all moral standards of Christianity in one's nation is no treason. The millions of Germans in and outside Germany who are aware of this tragic development in their nation do not become "traitors" to their nation by fighting evil. Nazism is a symptom of a deep-seated disease, a boil caused by infection, not a wound inflicted by the "bad man," be he Hitler, or Poincaré, or Clemenceau, or anybody responsible for Versailles. They all did their part in making things as bad as they are, and none of the nations is without guilt. Leading Englishmen admit that humbly. Why should Germans all over the world deny their responsibility since, after all, nazism is a German growth and a German reaction and Adolf Hitler, as long as he is successful, seems to be acceptable to a majority of Germans.

That Hitler rules by terror is true. But who are the ones who terrorize? Are they foreign invaders? Were the Reichswehr, the Police, the Bureaucracy, big business and other institutions taken by surprise; were they weak, or unprepared? Who condoned blood purges, concentration camps for the other fellow, world conquest and what not? Other nations may have the same or similar mental plagues. It is their business to see that such germs stay within a *cordon sanitaire* and the Axis example shows them where such theories lead. But it is a Christian's duty to help liberate the world from this recurring scourge and to help sterilize its focus. In 1918 Germany refused to have this operation on herself performed—with the good excuse that the doctors were too partisan—and cried murder. Had she put her own house in order, instead of staging an insincere window dressing of weak democracy, there would have been no chance for Hitler.

Nobody wants Germany to be poor, unhappy and hated. There are a thousand things German we love and admire. But before we want to see her prosperous and happy, we want to see her morally healthy. If ridding herself of her evil genius cannot be achieved but by defeat and punishment, let it be. She has resisted the councils of justice for more than a hundred years. Is it so unheard of that her penance should be hard and painful?

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While the book in question is by no means adequate, as I have said in my review, it is a help to throw out a lot of sentimental nonsense about Germany and it makes people realize that Hitler is no "meteoric accident" and that the next peace treaty will have to undertake more than merely symptomatic treatment. It will, among others, have to find means to protect Germany from herself. That requires better men than the quacks who spoiled the treaty of Versailles and its nobler clauses.

H. A. Reinhold.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editors: The London *New Review* has ranked the Catholic Bishop at Muenster, Count August von Galen, among the greatest heroes of the year 1941.

"A rarer quality than physical courage," says the paper, "is moral courage, the ability to hold out, unbroken and unflinching against the blackest forces of tyranny. . . . The man who last year gave the most sensational example of moral courage was a German. Inside Hitler's Third Reich he dared to raise his voice against the nazis."

The Swiss weekly *Die Weltwoche* published a few weeks ago a survey of the annual sale of the Bible in Germany before Hitler, under Hitler, and since the outbreak of the war. The sum total of the sales was approximately: 500,000; 1,000,000; and 1,500,000. Hitler's "Mein Kampf" at the present time does not have one-half the sale of the Bible.

These two facts alone must show a contemporary who is not blinded by hatred what a great contrast exists between Hitler's system and the German people.

A true estimation of a normal section of the German people would prove that only 10 percent of the German people are convinced adherents to the Hitler system. But only about the same percentage would appear as convinced opponents of the Hitler system. The overwhelming majority of 80 percent of the German people is more or less loyal to any form of government in control of the country. It is specifically the feelings of these 80 percent of loyal citizens which the heroic bishop of Muenster expresses.

Precisely these non-political Germans are the ones who buy the Bible and seek in it comfort and consolation in these disconsolate times. They are the millions, these millions of simple, modest men and women, who wish nothing else than a nice family, healthy children, and a somewhat secure old age; they are the millions whom Goebbels had in mind, when he stated in his speech of February 6, 1942:

"Ask thousands of Germans whether they rather would have war, or peace, and the answer would be unanimous: peace!"

And because Goebbels is aware of this, because he sees the deadly danger from this for himself and for his system of hatred, terror and war, he unlooses on these very millions of German men and women all the energy of his rhetoric:

"You are all involved in it, whether you wish to be or not. Having begun the march, we must go on to the end, and you with us. Therefore the question of when this war will end is of lesser importance than that of how it will end. If we win, all is won—raw materials, liberty, food, *Lebensraum,* and the basis for social reforms . . ." (by which the Propaganda Minister admits that though social reforms were the main appeal in the early years of the party, an appeal implied in its very name of National Socialist, they have not yet been considered, and only can be after victory and peace).

". . . But if we lose, then all is lost. Even more, our very existence is gone, for our enemies have openly declared that they are determined, in the event of German defeat, to destroy our country, to purge from the face of the earth the German people, the German name and the German Nation."

In this speech Goebbels has given the key to the inner political situation in Germany, and now it is up to the democracies to know how to use it. Goebbels attempts to convince this non-political majority of the people that their fate is inseparably united with that of the Hitler system and that there will be no personal nor national future if the present system should lose the war.

Precisely because Goebbels knows that these millions have in their innermost heart nothing in common with the Hitler system; that they, nevertheless, feel bound, as loyal citizens, to make sacrifices for their people and their country, to fight for it, and, if need be, to die for it; precisely because Goebbels knows that these millions had, from the beginning, no enthusiasm for this war, as every American correspondent confirms; because Goebbels is aware that the failure in Russia with its frightful losses and America's entry into the war with all its reminiscences and forebodings have spread apprehension of defeat—for this very reason he draws on the wall, in its most glaring colors, these implications of a crushing defeat, in order to tighten his grip on the German people.

When will the democracies, at least, give the German people another alternative than the one which Goebbels places before them?

As long as the German people does not see another alternative it will, with the exception of those 10 percent convinced anti-nazis, do what its government declares to be necessary for the salvation of Germany, reluctant though it be.

But do not the declarations of the responsible political leaders of the United Nations, and especially the solemn proclamation made by Churchill and Roosevelt in the so-called "Atlantic Charter," announce unequivocally that the policy of the democracies does not aim at such a destruction of Germany?

Nor could the democracies in any case actually look for such a destruction! The existence of 80,000,000 Germans in a well defined living space in the heart of Europe is a reality which cannot be wiped out through arbitrary boundary lines, nor dismemberment (separation), nor incorporation into other ethnological groups.

Any real peace must therefore be established upon the inner consent of the conquered—at least of the majority of the conquered people. That does not imply impunity for the perpetrators of the cruelties of Hitler's system, nor survival of injustices caused by him. But the war aims must state expressly that the overthrow of Hitler cannot

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result in returning evil for evil. It must be supported by higher ethical standards of punishment than revenge! Justice instead of hatred! Reconstruction instead of destruction!

Day in and day out the democracies must put clearly before the German people (and the Italian people as well) the resolution that they are not fighting for a reversal of Hitler's principle of domination, not for the continuation of his method of destruction in reverse, but that they are fighting for the idea of cooperation, for equality and joint action of all peoples, for a true new order of mutual rights to life and peace, which was set forth so comprehensively in the New Year Message of His Holiness Pope Pius XII.

President Roosevelt himself, in his reply to the Catholic Hierarchy of America, stated:

"We shall win this war and in victory we shall seek not vengeance, but the establishment of an international order in which the spirit of Christ shall rule the hearts of men and of nations."

When this spirit becomes known in Germany, when this spirit meets with the spirit of a Pastor Niemoeller and of a Bishop von Galen, then will be broken the unholy bonds by which Hitler-Himmler-Goebbels keep the German people, and then shall it be possible for us, the vanguard of the political opponents of the Hitler system, to win the overwhelming majority of the non-political Germans.

That is the end of Hitler and the assurance of peace.

OTTO STRASSER.

The Stage & Screen

Candida

IT WAS unthinkable that the happiest event of this season's theater should be withdrawn after five performances. Mercifully, for the third time the cast has extended its generosity; twelve more performances of the brilliant revival of Bernard Shaw's "Candida" will swell the funds of Army and Navy Relief and the play-hungry hearts of playgoers during the week beginning May 24.

Six extended productions over 34 years had already established "Candida" as New York's favorite Shaw. Here is Shaw caught as it were off-guard, beguiling in place of reviling. His scalpel retains its keen edge, but it cuts into the heart rather than the brain.

This is how he describes his heroine on her first appearance: "She is a woman of 33, well built, well nourished, likely, one guesses, to become matronly later on, but now quite at her best, with the double charm of youth and motherhood. Her ways are those of a woman who has found that she can always manage people by engaging their affection, and who does so frankly and instinctively without the smallest scruple. So far, she is like any other pretty woman who is just clever enough to make the most of her sexual attractions for trivially selfish ends; but Candida's serene brow, courageous eyes, and well set mouth and chin signify largeness of mind and dignity of character to ennoble her cunning in the affections."

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Is he describing Candida Morell or Katharine Cornell? Will any New York theatergoer ever be able to separate them? No one thought to remark so on the occasions of her earlier appearances in the part, but her current performance suggests that she was the least bit too brilliant in 1924 and 1937. Beginning with her first triumphal surprise entrance, an excess of radiance surrounded her, dimming the other actors and superhumanizing the woman who is, after all, the daughter of an illiterate contractor and the wife of a middle-class suburban clergyman with socialist leanings. Shaw's direction for her entrance continues: "A wise-hearted observer, looking at her, would at once guess that whoever had placed the Virgin of the Assumption over her hearth did so because he fancied some spiritual resemblance between them, and yet would not suspect either her husband or herself of any such idea, or indeed of any concern with Titian." Perhaps, until now, Miss Cornell had not sufficiently pondered those final clauses. Her speech, too, cannot ever before have been quite so subtly modulated and paced: its liquid richness "now quite at its best."

Every other part in "Candida" is, to today's taste, overwritten. In consequence, each must be underplayed, or else Morell becomes a pompous windbag, Marchbanks an effeminate whiner, Burgess a cockney horror, Miss Proserpine a prim caricature, Lexy a finicking snob. Indeed they all *must,* for the argument of the play, be exactly those things; and yet must also go beneath those qualities sufficiently to engage our sympathies, to make Candida's home habitable and her dilemma a real one.

In this, Private Burgess Meredith's is the most conspicuous success, if only because no other actor in memory has made Marchbanks a believable horn to any sensible woman's dilemma. But Meredith deserves more than negative praise; he is one of our pathetically few younger actors with a distinctive personal quality, which he projects with intelligence and talent; on leave from the Air Force, he had only four days to rehearse his part.

Raymond Massey, likewise, is by far the best Morell I remember. No other actor I can call to mind so successfully projects personal and intellectual dignity without sacrifice of human warmth. Burgess always impresses me as having wandered onto the wrong set; but Dudley Digges, by suppressing the almost irresistible temptation to overplay the part, managed to make him seem almost to belong. Mildred Natwick squeezed rich comic juice out of Prossy, and Stanley Bell gives a good straight performance as Lexy. Guthrie McClintic's staging is, as we have come to expect, irreproachable. Woodman Thompson's set is excellent suburban Victoriana, although possibly a shade above the Morells' station.

By the time this appears, Mr. Digges will have returned to Hollywood, resigning his rôle to Ernest Cossart, who played Burgess in 1924 under Mr. Digges's direction; and Miss Natwick, because of the evening performances, will be unable to continue to commute from "Blithe Spirit"; Brenda Forbes, who learned the part for Miss Cornell's 1937 production, will replace her. *(At the Shubert.)*

DAVID BURNHAM.

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Violence in Greene; Labor in Black and White

THE WONDERMENT is that Hollywood hasn't used all of Graham Greene's stories and clamored for more. Not that Paramount's *"This Gun For Hire"* is unadulterated Greene. But with all the changes in story, moving the locale to California, bringing the time up to the present by making the real villains fifth columnists selling chemicals to Japan, the Graham Greene original still survives. The tense excitement of the novel, the double hunt (of Raven and the girl for the agent who hired Raven to do the killing and then paid him off in "hot money," and of the police detective for this killer) and the book's cold violence are natural cinema material. What readers of the novel will miss principally are Greene's expertly interwoven asides on the morality of this study in evil and the author's fine portrayal of the minor characters. The movie falls down somewhat in the underwriting of the character of the police detective who pursues the young murderer. But the smartest stroke in the film was the casting of Alan Ladd as Raven.

Ladd plays the hard, psychopathic killer with such conviction that Raven becomes, as he should according to Greene's intentions, the focus of the story. Emphasis on this ruthless, abnormal character who "feels fine" when he murders, who kills with as little feeling as another man eats his dinner, detracts from the extremely normal detective whose reality is only vaguely suggested by Robert Preston. This may or may not have been the intention of scriptwriters Albert Maltz and W. R. Burnett, who have on the whole done a good job in conveying the spirit of Greene's novel. A couple of times the melodrama gets too hectic and implausible even for a thriller. When he wasn't overweighted with the complications of plot, Director Frank Tuttle gave us some first-rate cinema. You won't quickly forget the scenes that show Raven and the agent (played by Laird Cregar with the correct gluttonous, gross epicurean touches) glowering, mistrusting each other in the cheap restaurant; Raven and the girl (played by Veronica Lake without emphasis on seduction) spending the night together in that dark boxcar with her trying to understand his secret and his trying to tell her

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about his obsessions; the chase in the gasworks; or best of all Raven's mad flight across the railroad tracks with the police right behind him. Good taste demanded that Hollywood change Raven physically from Greene's portrait of a man with a harelip, a deformity that had a great deal to do with his character. Ladd's handsome face makes it somewhat difficult to understand Raven's morbid loneliness. But for his own Hollywood career, Ladd's natural good looks are an asset; and the fact that he exhibits an acting ability of promise won't hurt this newcomer in the cinema business. If Hollywood does get around to filming Greene's "Brighton Rock" (and that event looks much more likely now since the Catholic University's Drama Department presented their interesting dramatization of that novel), it would do very well to consider Ladd for the rôle of Pinkie.

If you like your cinema strong and can take facts when they are dished up without sugar coating, *"Native Land"* is your movie. This documentary film about America's continued struggle for liberty, freedom of speech and rights during the past ten years is based on material gathered at investigations of the US Senate Civil Liberties Committee. In a series of stirring scenes the crimes against our Bill of Rights are presented in vivid drama that sums up to a thrilling defense of democracy. Scene by scene the case is forcefully built up against the fascist-minded elements who oppressed the little people, the workers and their efforts at organization, until we come to the climax—that 1937 Memorial Day massacre outside of Chicago. That episode is shown in stills, for unfortunately Frontier Films, who produced this interesting documentary, could not obtain the spot movies taken at the riots. The other sequences are enacted with amazing and disturbing reality: the Michigan farmer beaten for trying to organize a grange, the man slugged for union activities, the two Arkansas sharecroppers foully murdered for trying to get better prices, the numerous laborers fired from their jobs and blacklisted for belonging to a union (this is shown in a long section which portrays how company stool pigeons wormed their way into a union and betrayed its trusting members), the infamous activities of the KKK which on November 30, 1935, beat and tortured two men whose politics they did not like.

The commentary for this provocative film was written by David Wolff; and the passages that connect the scenes are expertly read by Paul Robeson. Some of Marc Blitzstein's score is very good—one song in particular, "American Day," we shall hear much more of. It is noteworthy that a film which piles crime upon terror should also have passages of beauty. Bits of Paul Strand's photography are as fine as any to be seen in cinema; and Strand and Leo Hurwitz have collaborated on some exceedingly interesting direction in "Native Land." Unfortunately all the film cannot be praised. The whole and certain episodes within the whole are too long. Its argument is not always clear; and at no time does it name the villains of the piece. Some of its force is lost in the enthusiasm of its producers who were unwilling to shorten sequences that run on after their point is well established. That this controversial film is one-sided, no one denies. Indeed it is unhuman in its black-and-whiteness. With the argument that

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the present is untimely for its release, I do not agree. If we are fighting for the continuation of freedom, we should know now as well as any time that this liberty includes freedom of speech, the right to organize and to fight for the good of all. "Native Land" presents clearly this struggle of "we, the people" against fascist minorities who selfishly strive to curtail the working man's rights. In spite of its faults, "Native Land" is an excellent example of cinema's ability to combine music, script, acting and photography to make an eloquent plea for the democratic way of life. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Acute and Banal Analysis

The Making of Tomorrow. Raoul de Roussy de Sales. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.00.

SOME weeks ago I met my first movie star "in person" as the rather silly phrase has it. She was appearing with a USO show, and it was our duty to entertain her in the officer's wardroom between performances. She was billed as a particularly devastating example of the genus glamor, a notable specimen of dangerous *oomph*. My colleagues were frankly disappointed when at close range she seemed little different from the average pretty girl behind the Woolworth's counter back home. If you forgot the notices of the press agents and the rather excessive mascara, she was just an ordinarily agreeable young lady.

It is much the same with this volume. "The Making of Tomorrow" has been hailed in extravagant language. The author is compared with Lord Bryce and greeted as the successor to de Tocqueville. These comparisons are valid in that all three came from abroad to write in general terms of the American scene, but one is loath to press the parallels further. The title and notices lead one to expect another attempt to Guntherize; after all it is a short step from "inside" a continent to inside a whole booming world. Fortunately, the author makes it clear that he is engaged in no such planetary vivisection and clearly states that solutions are "positively unthinkable at the present stage of these conflicts." But despite his modesty, the advance notices make it difficult to take this volume for what it is: a particularly acute journalistic analysis of current events.

M. Roussy de Sales is a first-rate journalist. His intelligent interpretation of our palsied world makes good copy for any editor. Even when he digresses, as he frequently does, it is usually to make some sparkling comment. He makes sharp deductions from the evidence as when he illustrates post-war pacifism from the cult of the Unknown Soldier. Yet as one reads along, one becomes aware that interlarded with brilliant observations is much that is banal. One grows conscious of an extremely uneven performance, like the chart of a patient with chills and fever. Thus he restates with clarity the danger of modern nationalism and the paradox of political democracy co-existing with economic oppression; but when he comes to grips with such themes as capitalism and collectivism, he offers but a few vague lines of analysis and proceeds to facile applications. The same defect is evident in his very questionable historical generalization, such as his reference to the period "between the fifth and twelfth centuries, a period of six or seven hundred years during which the vital principle of continuity in human development was suspended." His mind glides through the centuries and dances on the surface of the modern world, always with ease, sometimes with conviction, rarely with deep penetration.

The author has read judiciously. The influence of Ferrero's comparison of the success of the Congress of Vienna *vis-à-vis* Versailles is evident, and the classic of Dr. Birdsall on the latter treaty is quoted once, and used rather extensively. But I believe that his major fault is that he is not a trained historian, and with all his brilliance, he attempts a task beyond his power. Perhaps this accounts for his remark that "history is only valid to the extent that it serves to throw light on the present." It is the obvious explanation for his disconcerting superficiality. I may do him an injustice, but I see something significant in that his only quotation from Thomas Mann is culled from the pages of the *New Yorker!*

These criticisms are aimed at the publisher's blurbs rather than at the amiable observations of M. Roussy de Sales. But there is one objection more fundamental. In one respect this volume has dangerous *oomph:* that is, in its labored attempt to exclude Germany from the community of Western civilization and in its identification of Germanism with Hitlerism. He builds his case on the rather dubious volume of Viereck. He uses the same procedure as Vansittart, emphasizing statements and personalities which suit his purpose without reference to their contemporary influence, and neglecting the broad stream of evidence that contradicts his thesis. His intelligence imposes some restraint on his statements, but this apparent objectivity makes his conclusions more dangerous. Not only does such writing unite the Germans behind their noxious rulers; it makes one fear for the mentality that will shape the post-war world. JOSEPH N. MOODY.

BIOGRAPHY

Anton Bruckner: Rustic Genius. Werner Wolff, with an Introduction by Walter Damrosch. Dutton. $3.75.

IT IS perhaps not unfair to say that Anton Bruckner is currently labeled in America as the composer of "those long works"; or as a composer who is very little heard even if the existence and importance of his works are recognized. Such was not the case in Europe and such will not always be the case here if this biographer's earnest, thorough and appealing work has the reading it deserves. Werner Wolff, a musician, a conductor and member of a well known musical family, has written "Anton Bruckner: Rustic Genius" and in so doing has published the first extensive works about Bruckner in English.

Mr. Wolff's Anton Bruckner is a simple, hard working musician who not only struggled to keep alive but had the additional struggle caused by his own indecision and uncertainty. He did not even take himself seriously as a composer until past middle age. Despite this he wrote extensively in nearly all the musical forms. He wrote nine full symphonies in addition to other incompleted symphonic works. He wrote many works for the Church which are considered to have the "highest artistic merit." Alfred Einstein, the well known musicologist, has said that Bruckner "was the greatest and only true Catholic composer of the nineteenth century." In speaking of the genius with which his religious works were written Mr. Wolff adds "the Church should call her greatest composer son of the last century to the memory of her congregations more frequently than she has heretofore."

As a work of reference Mr. Wolff gives all his carefully sifted and accumulated knowledge of the composer's

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life. A large section of the book is concerned with analysis of the symphonies and other important works. There are studies of the peculiarly Brucknerian problems: Bruckner's style; his true place in musical history; and the question of the editions of Bruckner's works, a complex one in that Bruckner continued to revise his works until his death.

MARGARET BYARD.

HISTORY

The Old South. Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. Scribners. $3.50.

DR. WERTENBAKER'S "Old South" is one of a sequence in the Founding of American Civilization. It is sound. It is balanced. It is a mine of wealth for specialists and it is convincing.

This Old South of his not only *was,* but *is* an edifice. As he says in his chapter on the architecture of Virginia and Maryland: "the restoration of Williamsburg . . . is a major contribution to American history. . . . It is more than the rebuilding of old houses, it is the revivifying [as is his book!] in a charming and visible way of the people who lived in them. Architecture, decoration, the arts and crafts, horticulture, costume, music, drama, education, social customs—all are involved . . . and, since Williamsburg was the center and chief expression of the civilization of tidewater Virginia, what we have is in fact a restoration of that civilization. Nor is this all. Since from this region went out many thousands of settlers—to Piedmont Virginia, to Shenandoah Valley, to Kentucky, to southern Ohio, to Alabama, to Missouri, to Texas, even to the Pacific slope—we are dealing with a society that has affected profoundly the life of the United States." We are dealing with something valuable and living—not dead nor "gone with the wind."

In parenthesis, we are dealing with Virginia, Maryland and Charleston: the three pillars of the Old South and of tidewater culture. And since Williamsburg, its expression, is restored and safe, Charleston safe and living, a further major contribution to American history would be the completion of the historical trilogy by restoring St. Mary's City.

This book is the best, so far, in the field. It is a long step, but it is not yet and cannot be complete and final: all our historians still lie under certain obsessions. We have, still, too many "sacred cows." One such is the "melting pot." The amalgam of "the American Briton" (as Franklin called himself) came out of Scots, Irish, Welsh, Cornish and the men of the Outer Isles.

There is a typical Englishman, Frenchman, Spaniard, or Japanese, etc., recognizable as such. Each is made up of many fused blood and language strains. So is there an American type. The difference between them and us is that it took thousands of years to mould each of these other types. It took only two centuries and a half, between 1607 and 1865, to mould us into a visibly new human sub-division. There is an American people, an American nationality, an American race; Dr. Wertenbaker proves it—but denies it!

Another "sacred cow" is religious. I suggest the fact that we are the only people founded in Christianity. Every European people was originally pagan; Christianity was Catholic Christianity, and in 1607 Catholic Christianity was not yet shattered in the United Kingdom, whence we came. Historically, that came later. It is a pity to ignore that in the Foundations of American Civilization. It is the most essentially American thing we have.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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Napoleon's Invasion of Russia. Eugene Tarlé. Oxford. $3.50.

THE QUESTION whether the so-called "historical analogies" really help us to understand history, or whether such an interpretation of facts is far too easy, simplified and even naïve, has often been discussed. Of course, one cannot help considering certain heroes and certain episodes belonging to a given country's historical past as forerunners and prefigurations of present events. And it is at the same time difficult even for those who do not believe that "history repeats itself" to be entirely free from the haunting "this-has-already-happened" feeling. This historical analogy most strikingly appears in Napoleon's invasion of Russia, as treated in Professor Tarlé's book.

The resemblance in the chain of events (except for the burning of Moscow and Napoleon's final retreat) and in the psychological background is indeed so striking that it has been hinted that Professor Tarlé's book is a direct allusion to Hitler's present campaign. There has even been a certain anxiety awakened by the fact that in Professor Tarlé's interpretation Marshal Kutuzov was in favor of making peace with Napoleon (a hint at Stalin's possible attitude towards Hitler . . .) and was definitely against pursuing the *Grande Armée* beyond the Russian frontier.

But Tarlé's original text was published in the Soviet Union in 1937, when nobody in Russia or abroad could have foreseen subsequent events.

If such a suspicion arises in the reader's mind, his attention should be drawn to Marshal Kutuzov's conversation with Lauriston who had come to the Russian headquarters precisely in order to make peaceful overtures. When Lauriston complained of the "barbarous behaviour of the peasants towards those Frenchmen who fell into their hands," Kutuzov replied that "the Russian people looked upon the French as they had looked upon the Tartars, who invaded Russia. . . ." Lauriston retorted that "there was a difference," but Kutuzov observed that the Russian people did not recognize any difference. The Marshal did not permit the French envoy to take his offers to Tsar Alexander. "With a realization of the complete futility of his journey," Tarlé adds, "Lauriston returned to Napoleon in the Kremlin."

As to the fact that Kutuzov was opposed to the carrying of the war beyond the Russian borders, Professor Tarlé states that the Russian armies were exhausted by the invasion and could not, in the Marshal's mind, suffer the brunt of a new warfare. This was proved by subsequent defeats at Lutzen, Bautzen and Dresden. But what seems to us most interesting is that in abstaining from encouraging a further drive which was to liberate Germany, Kutuzov, according to Tarlé, had something more in view than the immediate future. Beyond his own epoch he saw the far away destinies of his country and of Europe:

"Why liberate and strengthen the Germans, who as Russia's neighbors were potential enemies?" Professor Tarlé writes, explaining Kutuzov's motives: "why shed Russian blood for the Germans, who would one day perhaps shed the blood of the grandsons and great-grandsons of the very Russian soldiers who were now to be driven to fight Napoleon? . . ."

However absorbing these pages concerning Kutuzov's personal views, the reader will find many other valuable chapters dealing with the various phases of the campaign. "In addition to the published works on the subject of Napoleon's invasion of Russia (we read in the 'Note on the author's sources'), Mr. Tarlé has had access and has here utilized, for the first time, a vast amount of contemporary documents which exist only in manuscript form."

This work has not only a high historical and scientific value, it gives us an exhaustive and clear-sighted psychological picture of the Russian people defending their fatherland, of their leaders, and of the remarkable spirit of resistance they offered at the time. Here we have indeed a "prefiguration" of what is going on at present on the Russian front, and the analogy is so vivid that it is almost uncanny. Thus, for instance, during the battle of Borodino, Napoleon's officers reported that they could take no prisoners, as the Russian soldiers simply would not surrender and preferred to die. The entire chapter of Professor Tarlé's book dealing with the battle of Borodino is profoundly moving.

Whilst reading Tarlé's work, we cannot help recalling Tolstoy's "War and Peace"; for those readers who have the necessary time, it is quite worth while going once more through that great novel, as we have done ourselves, using Simon and Schuster's excellent new "Inner Sanctum" edition, whose carefully prepared "Reader's Guide" with its summary of events and characters, offers an extremely handy key to Tolstoy's vast chronicle.

If Tarlé, as a historian, must enter upon detailed analysis in order to make clear Kutuzov's actions and intentions, Bagration's dauntless courage, or the heroic spirit of the Russian peasant, Tolstoy said the same things in the words of an inspired artist. Thus, for instance, he painted Kutuzov's portrait in a few immortal lines:

"On the rug-covered bench where Pierre had seen him in the morning sat Kutuzov, his grey head hanging, his heavy body relaxed. He gave no orders, but only assented to or dissented from what others suggested. . . . By long years of military experience he knew, and with the wisdom of age understood, that it is impossible for one man to direct hundreds of thousands of others. . . . He knew that the result of a battle is decided not by the orders of a commander in chief, nor by the place where the troops are stationed, nor by the number of cannon or of slaughtered men, but by that intangible force called the spirit of the army. . . ."

And I should like to conclude with the famous page of "War and Peace," which suggests another genuine analogy with scenes taking place today in Russia; it describes Pierre's meditations on the eve of Borodino:

"All he (Pierre) had seen that day, all the significant and stern expressions on the faces he had seen in passing, were lit up for him by a new light. He understood that latent heat (as they say in physics) of patriotism which was present in all these men he had seen, and this explained to him why they all prepared for death calmly, and as it were lightheartedly." HELEN ISWOLSKY.

BRIEFER

Three Wives. Regnar af Geijerstam. Greystone. $2.50.

THIS SWEDISH best seller resorts to the device of contrasting what actually happened with what conceivably would have happened if the hero had married Agnes or Susanne instead of Ulla. It makes family life among Sweden's well-to-do anything but idyllic, but the rather shoddy impression comes more from its materialist and demoralized tone than accumulation of graphic detail.

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The Inner Forum

For Pius XII's Silver Jubilee

LEADING members of the hierarchy sent the NCWC News Service special articles in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Pope Pius XII's elevation to the episcopacy. Archbishop Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, devotes the greater part of his article to the career of Monsignor Eugenio Pacelli from the time he was appointed Papal Nuncio to Bavaria (April 21, 1917) by Benedict XV. His mission included presenting a letter on behalf of peace from Pope Benedict to Wilhelm II. It also involved concordats with Bavaria and Germany several years later. Shortly after his return he was appointed Papal Secretary of State by Pius XI.

Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, ranking Cardinal Priest of the Sacred College, writes of his recollections of Pius XII as a young priest: "I remember still very clearly the impression that the young cleric made upon me at the time. His slight but manly figure was clothed in the simple black soutane of the Roman cleric. The expression of his face was highly intellectual and during our brief conversation I caught a glimpse of the energy and marvelous activity that has characterized his whole life ever since . . . In the Roman world what is known as snobbishness is looked upon as mere vulgarity and the reason is clear. First of all they understand the meaning of the word 'Catholic,' that embraces all races and classes. . . ."

Archbishop Spellman of New York, for many years an associate of the present Pontiff in the Vatican Secretariate of State, emphasizes the responsibilities which the Pope takes upon himself and the way Pius XII has fulfilled them. "The principles he recommends to nations engaged in war are principles born of charity and justice, in perfect harmony with democratic ideals and odious to any war lord lustful for power on earth."

Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis writes of the way the papacy has withstood attacks throughout history. He contrasts the cultural and religious achievements of the papacy over the centuries with present conditions: "the only science today that is worthwhile is the science that will show us the best way of killing one another. . . . The Divinity that we are told to serve and worship has the crude aspect of a national or racial fetish. . . . We pray for the day when we shall see peace returning—a peace not for ourselves alone, but for this civilization of ours that it may not go out in darkness." Archbishop Mitty of San Francisco writes about Pius XII as the successor of Saint Peter and the primacy of the Bishop of Rome down through the centuries.

CONTRIBUTORS

Franz WERFEL writes an account of why he felt obliged to produce his current best seller, "The Song of Bernadette."
Heinz SOFFNER is an Austrian now lecturing and writing in the US. In his native country he was active in work for the office workers unions. Later, in Paris, he was secretary general of the Federation of Austrian Emigrants and a member of the League of Nations committee for refugees.
Rev. Robert M. GARDNER, M.M., is himself a Maryknoller and therefore writes with special authority on his subject.
Rev. Joseph N. MOODY is at present serving as a Naval Chaplain.
Margaret BYARD is a keen student of music and musicology.
William Franklin SANDS, author, teacher, diplomat, is at present living in Texas.
Helen ISWOLSKY has just had her first American book published —"Light Before Dusk," an account of the Catholic intellectual and social movement in France between the wars.

Seamen and Shipbuilders

JUSTICE TO OUR ALLIES, by Harry Paxton Howard is an eloquent plea for a more human and consistent attitude toward our allies of other races. It cites two recent incidents. One is the arrest of 37 Chinese seamen on shore leave in New York; in another instance a British captain here refused leave to his Chinese sailors and in the argument which ensued shot one of them. Back of it all are the American attitude of racial superiority and our Asiatic Exclusion Act. An important question we must face in our struggle for international justice.

JOHNNY GREEN: STABILIZER, by Frank Rahill, is an impressive picture of a far-seeing and energetic Scotch American labor leader, the international president of the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers (CIO). It tells what he accomplished at the National Shipbuilding Stabilization Conference at Chicago just concluded—a conference held under the auspices of WPB. What he has done to stabilize and thereby increase production and employment in America's most vital industry and how he and his fellow-shipbuilders met the defense housing problem make heartening reading.

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